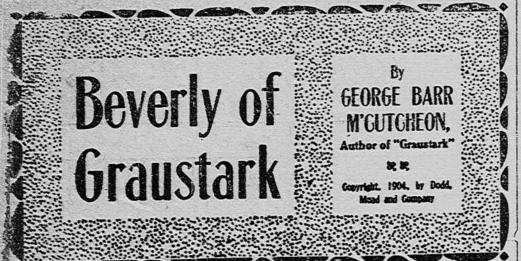
## THE WATCHMAN AND SOUTHRON, JANUARY 9, 1907.



CHAPTER XIII.

EVERLY gasped. The countess stared blankly at the new guard. Yetive flushed deeply, bit her lip in hopeless chagrin and dropped her eyes. A pretty turn, Traised, the play had taken! Not a word was uttered for a full half minute; nor did the guilty witnesses veniure forth from their retreat. Baldos stood tall and impassive, holding the curtain aside. At last the shadow of a smile crept into the face of the princess, but Ther tones were full of deep humility when she spoke.

"We crave permission to retire, your highness," she said, and there was virthous appeal in her eyes. "I pray forgiveness for this indiscretion and immore you to be lenient with two miserable creatures who love you so well that they forget their dignity."

"I am amazed and shocked," was all That Beverly could say. "You may go, but return to me within an hour. I will then hear what you have to say." Slowly, even humbly, the ruler of Graustark and her cousin passed bemeath the upraised arm of the new

guard. He opened a door on the opposite side of the room, and they went out, to all appearance thoroughly crest-Tallen. The steady features of the senard did not relax for the fraction of - second, but his heart was thumping disgracefully.

"Come here, Baldos," commanded Beverly, a bit pale, but recovering her wits with admirable promptness. "This The a matter which I shall dispose of marivately. It is to go no further, you -are to understand."

"Yes, your highness."

You may go now. Colonel Quinnox will explain everything," she said hurmiedly. She was eager to be rid of him. As he turned away she observed a Saint but peculiar smile at the corner of his mouth.

"Come here, sir!" she exclaimed hot-Ty. He paused, his face as somber as an owl's. "What do you mean by Sanghing like that?" she demanded. He the fierce note in her voice, but

be inviting, but which did not impress her at all pleasantly.

"Well, anyway, I'll tell him you're here," she said, her hand on the door knob. "Will you wait here? Goodby." And then she was racing off through the long halls and up broad staircases toward the boudoir of the princess. There is no telling how long the ruffled count remained in the anteroom, for the excited Beverly forgot to tell Lorry that he was there.

There were half a dozen people in the room when Beverly entered eagerly. She was panting with excitement. Of all the rooms in the grim old castle the boudoir of the princess was the most famously attractive. It was really her home, the exquisite abiding place of an exquisite creature. To lounge on her divans, to loll in the chairs, to glide through her priceless rugs, was the acme of indolent pleasure. Few were they who enjoyed the privileges of "little heaven," as Harry Anguish had christened it on one memorable night long before the princess was Mrs. Grenfall Lorry.

"Now, how do you feel?" cried the flushed American girl, pausing in the door to point an impressive finger at the princess, who was lying back in a huge chair, the picture of distress and annovance.

"I shall never be able to look that man in the face again," came dolefully from Yetive's humbled lips. Dagmar was all smiles and in the fittest of humors. She was the kind of culprit who loves the punishment because of the crime.

"Wasn't it ridiculous, and wasn't it just too lovely?" she cried.

"It was extremely theatrical," agreed Beverly, seating herself on the arm of Yetivo's chair and throwing a warm arm around her neck. "Have you all heard about it?" she demanded naively, turning to tae others, who unquestionably had had a jumbled account of the performance.

"You got just what you deserved," said Lorry, who was immensely amused.

went around.

"It is quite personal and of no consequence. What do you know of him? My curiosity is aroused. Now, be quiet, Beverly. You are as eager to know as the rest of us."

"Well, your highness, I may as well confess that the man is a puzzle to me.



"What are you going to do with us?"

He comes here a vagabond, but he certainly does not act like one. He admits that he is being hunted, but takes no one into his confidence. For that he cannot be blamed."

"Have you any reason to suspect who he is?" asked Lorry.

"My instructions were to refrain from questioning him," complained Dangloss, with a pathetic look at the original plotters. "Still, I have made investigations along other lines."

"And who is he?" cried Beverly eagerly.

"I don't know," was the disappointing answer. "We are confronted by a queer set of circumstances. Doubtless you all know that young Prince Dantan is flying from the wrath of his half brother, our lamented friend Gabriel. He is supposed to be in our hills with a half starved body of followers. It seems impossible that he could have reached our northern boundaries without our outposts catching a glimpse of him at some time. The trouble is that his face is unknown to most of us, I among the others. I have been going on the presumption that Baldos is in reality Prince Dantan, but last night the belief received a severe shock."

"Yes?" came from several eager lips. "My men who are watching the Dawsbergen frontier came in last

meaning of the general smile that retainers left the grand duchy. The party was seen in Vienna a week later,

and the young duke boldly announced that he was off to the east to help his friend Dantan in the fight for his throne. Going on the theory that Baldos is this same Christobal we have only to provide a reason for his preferring the wilds to the comforts of our cities. In the first place, he knows there is a large reward for his apprehension and he fears our police. In the second place, he does not care to direct the attention of Prince Dantan's foes to himself. He missed Dantan in the hills and doubtless was lost for weeks, but the true reason for his flight is made plain in the story that was printed recently in Paris and Berlin newspapers. According to them, Christobal rebelled against his father's right to select a wife for him. The grand duke had chosen a noble and wealthy bride, and the son had selected a beautiful girl from the lower walks of life. Father and son quarreled and neither would give an inch. Christobal would not marry his father's choice, and the grand duke would not sanction his union with the fair plebeian."

Here Beverly exclaimed proudly: "He doesn't look like the sort of man who could be bullied into marrying anybody if he didn't want to."

"And he strikes me as the sort who would marry any one he set his heart upon having," added the princess, with a taunting glance at Miss Calhoun.

"Umph!" sniffed Beverly defiantly. The baron went on with his narrative, exhibiting signs of excitement.

"To lend color to the matter, Christobal's sweetheart, the daughter of a game warden, was murdered the night before her lover fled. I know nothing of the circumstances attending the crime, but it is my understanding that Christobal is not suspected. It is possible that he is ignorant even now of the girl's fate."

"Well, by the gods, we have a goodly lot of heroes about us!" exclaimed

"But, after all," ventured the Count- ploy the legal counsel he would put ess Halfont, "Baldos may be none of the New York cotton exchange comthese men."

"Good heavens, Aunt Yvonne, don't suggest anything so distressing," said Yetive. "He must be one of them."

"I suggest a speedy way of determining the matter," "said Anguish. "Let us send for Baldos and ask him point blank who he is. I think it is up to him to clear away the mystery." "No!" cried Beverly, starting to her feet.

"It seems to be the only way," said Lorry.

"But I promised him that no questions should be asked," said Beverly,

almost tearfully, but quite resolutely. "Didn't I, Yet-your highness?" "Alas, yes!" said the princess, with a

## COTTON EXCHANGE FRAUDS.

Livingston and Jordan Ask That the New York Coton Exchange Be Outlawed.

Washington, Jan. 2 .- Col. Livingston and Harvie Jordan late this afternoon filed their charges against the New York cotton exchange and asked the postmaster general to issue a fraud order. There are eight counts in the charges and along with them are submitted a number of exhibits. A striking one of these is the official market report of the New York cotton exchange issued Dec. 28, "notice" day. The price quoted on future con-

tracts calling for delivery the same day was 9.02, while the price of spot cotton was 10.65, a disparity of 163 points, a difference of \$8.15 per bale. Discussing this Col. Linvingston said to this correspondent:

"If McFadden or any other cotton operator had bought cotton on that date.at 9.02 and could have secured the actual cotton he could have sold it in the spot market and made a profit on the 114,000 bales traded in on the exchange that day of \$11,411,000. He did not buy because he knew everybody else knew there was no cotton to be had. If the New York cotton exchange operated on the same plan as the stock exchange or the corn exchange, and I am informed that such is their character, they must keep on hand for actual delivery the cotton traded in just as does the broker who sells railroad or other

stocks. I do not know that such is their character and I have been unable to find out, but if it is true, they must keep commercial salable cotton on hand to meet their contracts."

Harvie Jordan says if he had fifty or a hundred thousand dollars to em-

pletely out of business if its charter is the same as those of the stock exchanges .- The State.

Assistant Attorney General Goodin Will Probe the Matter to the Bottom by Hearing Testimony From Both Sides, and Postmaster General Will Act On His Recommendation. Washington, Jan. 3 .- Postmaster General Cortelyou today turned over to the legal officials of the postoffice department the charges of fraud against the New York cotton exchange.

Assistant Attorney General Goodin

## HERE AND THERE.

The White House officials have been busy the past few days returning presents sent to the president by strangers. Only presents sent by personal friends were accepted. Among the gifts returned was a Christmas tree and a box of decorations for the Roosevelt children.

The Ellis Island officials estimate that at the present rate of increase, there will be 1,283,415 immigrants next year. Te figures for 1906 will be 1,050,000 people, against 859.010 in 1905, an increase of over 22 per cent.

All the railroad troubles are not in the south. Passengers on a New York Central train who spent 18 hours between New York and Buffalo, with nothing to eat, have laid their troubles before the railroad commission of the State.

The prosperity of the year seems to have struck even the fraternity of thieves in New York. It is estimated that the various sorts of thefts in that city in 12 months will total not less than \$1,000,000-and that doesn't include Wall street, either.

After March 4, next, New York will have three members of the cabinet-Secretary of State Root, Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou and Secretary of Commerce and Labor Strauss, while Ohio will have two members in Secretary of War Taft and Secretary of the Interior Garfield-a majority of the members from two middle States. The drift toward centralizetion appears to be well nigh complete in so far as the cabinet is concerned at least.

The Harriman Railroad System.

The results from the operation of this huge machine are sufficiently well known. The gross income of the system for the last year rose \$170,000,-000. This is a larger gross income than that of any other railroad system in the world, the Pennsylvania alone excepted. The dividend disbursements for the year are at the rate of about \$28,000;000 net-that is, actual disbursements to the public. This, again, is a larger annual distribution than that of any other corporation, the steel corporation alone excepted.

All this is a strange change from the old water-logged Union Pacific of 10 or 15 years ago, which staggered along, wantonly loaded with debt and fictitious capital, to the crash 'of 93. The change-the remaking and rebuilding, I think it fair to say-has been Mr. Harriman's personal work. Of that there can be no question. He went into the Union Pacific as one of several widely divided groups. In not more than year he was very actively in command, and yet a little later, absolutely. In the beginning Wall street referred to the Union Pacific as the Kuhn-Loeb road; today it is very distinctly the Harriman system .-- Review of Reviews.

gave it the proper interpretation.

"Laughing, your highness?" he said in deep surprise. "You must be mistaken. I am sure that I could not have Manghed in the presence of a princess." "It must have been a-a shadow, "men." she retracted, somewhat star-Bed by his rejoinder. "Very well, then. You are dismissed."

As he was about to open the door Through which he had entered the room It swung wide and Count Marianx strode in. Baldos paused irresolutely and then proceeded on his way with-- out paying the slightest attention to the commander of the army. Marlanx came to an amazed stop, and his face fushed with resentment.

"Halt, sir!" he exclaimed harshly. "Don't you know enough to salute me, sir

Baldos turned instantly, his figure straightening like a flash. His eyes met those of the Iron Count and did not waver, although his face went white with passion.

"And who are you, sir?" he asked in steld steely tones. The count almost meeled.

"Your superior officer! That should be enough for you?" he half hissed, with deadly levelness.

"Oh, then I see no reason why I schould not salute you, sir;" said Baldos, with one of his rare smiles. He saluted his superor officer a shade too elaberately and turned away. Marianx's ves glistened.

"Stop! Have I said you could go, sir? I have a bit of advice to"-

"My command to go comes from your superior, sir," said Baldos, with Tritating blandness.

"Be patient, general," cried Beverly, deep distress. "He does not know my better. I will stand sponsor for him." And Baldos went away with a Wight step, his blood singing, his devilmay-care heart satisfied. The look in Der eyes was very sustaining. As he Selt the castle he said aloud to himself with an easy disregard of the conmequences:

"Well, it seems that I am to be associsted with the devil as well as with smapls. Heavens! June is a glorious month."

"Now, you promised you'd be nice to Thing General Marlanx," cried Beverly the instant Baldos was out of the moon. "He's new at this sort of thing, you know, and, besides, you didn't address him very politely for an utter stranger."

"The inspirat dog!" snarled Mar.anx. his self control returning slowly. "He shall be taught well and thoroughly, tion. The princess exhibited genuine mever fear. Miss Calhoun. There is a way to train such recruits as he, and

"I wonder what your august vagabond thinks of his princess and her ladies in hiding?" mused Harry Anguish. The Count and Countess Halfont were smiling in spite of the assault upon the dignity of the court.

"I'd give anything to know what he really thinks," said the real princess. "Oh, Beverly, wasn't it awful? And how he marched us out of that room!" "I thought it was great," said Beverly, her eyes glowing. "Wasn't it splendid? And isn't he good looking?"

"He is good looking, I imagine. But I am no judge, dear. It was utterly impossible for me to look at his face," lamented the princess.

"What are you going to do with us?" asked Dagmar penitently.

"You are to spend the remainder of your life in a dungeon, with Baldos as guard," decided Miss Calhoun.

"Leverly, dear, that man is no ordinary person," said the princess quite positively.

"Of course he isn't. He's a tall, dark mystery."

"I observed him as he crossed the terrace this morning," said Lorry. "He's a striking sort of chap, and I'll bet my head he's not what he claims to be." "He claims to be a fugitive, you must remember," said Beverly in his defense.

"I mean that he is no common malefactor, or whatever it may be. Who and what do you suppose he is? I confess that I'm interested in the fellow, and he looks as though one might like him without half trying. Why haven't you dug up his past history, Beverly? You are so keen about him."

"He positively refuses to let me dig," explained Beverly. "I tried, you know, but he-he-well, he squelched me." "Well, after all is said and done, he

caught us peeping today, and I am filled with shame," said the princess. "It doesn't matter who he is, he must certainly have a most unflattering opinion as to what we are."

"And he is sure to know us sooner or later," said the young countess, momentarily scribus.

"Oh, if it ever comes to that I shall be in a splendid position to explain it all to him," said Beverly. "Don't you see, I'll have to do a lot of explaining myself?"

"Baron Dangloss!" announced the guard of the upper hall, throwing open the door for the doughty little chief of police.

"Your high ness sent for me?" asked he, advancing after the formal salutaamazement.

"I did. Baron Dangloss, but you

night and reported that Dantan had been seen by mountaineers no later than Sunday, three days ago. These mountaineers were in sympathy with him and refused to tell whithen be went. We only know that he was in the southern part of Graustark three days ago. Our new guard speaks many languages, but he has never been heard to use that of Dawsbergen. That fact in itself is not surprising, for, of all | Two Fast Mail Trains Collide in Kanthings, he would avoid his mother tongue. Dantan is part English by birth and wholly so by cultivation. In that he evidently finds a mate in this Baldos."

"Then he realiy isn't Prince Dantan?" cried Beverly, as though a cherished ideal had been shattered.

"Not if we are to believe the tales from the south. Here is another complication, however. There is, as you know, Count Halfont, and perhaps all of you, for that matter, a pretender to the throne of Axphain, the fugitive Prince Frederic. He is described as young, good looking, a scholar and the next thing to a pauper.".

"Baldos a mere pretender!" cried Beverly in distress. "Never!" "At any rate, he is not what he pre-

tends to be," said the baron, with a wise smile.

"Then you think he may be Prince Frederic?" asked Lorry, deeply interested.

"I an: inclined to think so, although another complication has arisen. May it please your highness, I am in an amazingly tangled state of mind," admitted the baron, passing his hand Bankers in Cuba Who Are Controlled over his brow.

"Do you mean that another mysterious prince has come to life?" asked Yetive, her eyes sparkling with interest in the revelations.

"Early this morning a dispatch came to me from the Grand Duke Michael of Rapp-Thorberg, a duchy in western Europe, informing me that the duke's eldest son had fled from home and is known to have come to the far east. possibly to Graustark."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Anguish. "It never rains but it hails, so here's bail to the princes three."

"We are the Mecca for runaway royalty, it seems," said Count Halfont. "Go on with the story, Baron Dangloss," cried the princess. "It is like a book."

"A description of the young man accompanies the offer of a large reward for information that may lead to his return home for reconciliation, and"here the baron paused dramatically. "And what?" interjected Beverly. who could not wait.

"The description fits our friend Baldos perfectly!"

three you have mentioned?"

"bim," she pleaded. The smile of the "Let me tell you what the grand nel Quinnox." The baron smiled mysone meets high charactered Ameriduke's secretary says. I have the of the and the political dictator since Brog Count was not at all reassuring. the dissolution of the douma, was cans who are persuaded that Rooseteriously, but volunteered no solution. A Belfast laborer, 106 years old, "I know he will be sorry for what he ficial notice, but left it in my desk. The truth is, he was entering the caskilled today at the Institute of Expe- velt has lied to them. who was treated at the hospital the The runaway son of the grand duke is tle doors as the messenger left them. "has done, and you"other day, told the doctor that "it called Christobal. He is twenty-seven "I am quite sure he will be sorry," but he was much too fond of effect to nental Medicine by a young man. When the cold winds dry and was his first black eye." He will said he, with a most agreeable bow in | spoil a good situation by explanations. | years of age, speaks English flacatly, | rin It was a long two miles to his office in besides French and our own language. The prefect was in his carriage at the erack the skin a box of salve can save really have to harry up if he wants submission to her appeal. "Do you want to see Mr. Lorry?" she | the Tower. "Something has just hap- it seems that he attended an English divie. asked quickly. "I will send for him, penel that impels me to ask a few college with Prince Dantan and some He has long been hated by the tergeneral." She was at the door, impa- questions concerning Baidos, the new of our own young men who are still in porists. His powers were enormous look for the name on the box to avoid These to be with the banished culprits. "My business with Mr, Lorry can what I first ask what has happen whit," he began, with a smile meant to

pathetic smile of resignation, but with loyalty in the clasp of her hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THERTY KILLED AND FORTY IN-JURED ON ROCK ISLAND ROAD.

sas and the Passengers Slaughtered -Four Coaches Burned and It May Never Be Known How Many Perished.

Topeka, Kas., Jan. 2 .- The westbound passenger train and an eastbound train on the Rock Island railroad collided between Holland and Alta-Vista this morning.

According to the official report 30 persons were killed and 40 injured. Ten bodies have been recovered from the smoker, nine being Mexican laborers. The bagagge car raising the smoker's roof and lodging on the occupants crushed them. Four cars were burned.

Both trains were fast mails. Train No. 29 left Chicago Tuesday morning en route for El Paso. No. 30 was due in Chicago at 11.30 tonight.

UNFOLDING OF THE PLAN TO

by American Financiers Threaten to Kefuse All Loans on Crops, Thereby Causing Financial Disaster, if American Troops Are Withdrawn,

bility of the withdrawal of the United States troops from Cuba at no far distant date, has alarmed the bank-They say American troops are recsecurities and they will not take any risk. It is believed that the evacuation of the island by the American army will result in wholesale starva-

"You don't mean it?" exclaimed Lor- Prefect of Police Assassinated in St. pany of other young men, largely They never forget what they have must have come with the wings of an cerity or veracity." Petersburg by a Young Man. The writer, who is anonymous, says | Yale men, and he has held to it ever Tearned." eagle. It is really not more than three ry. "Then he may be any one of the St. Petersburg, Jan. 3 .- Major Gen-"Oh, please don't be harsh with he thinks Roosevelt is sincere, yet since .- Review of Reviews. minutes since I gave the order to Coloeral Von DeLauntz, the prefect of po-

for the postoffice department will conduct the investigation immediately with a view of determining whether the use of the mails should be withdrawn. Representatives of the exchange

will be requested to appear before Judge Goodin and after this testimony, and that of the complainants, the cotton growers, both of whom have the privilege of representation by attorneys, have been taken, Judge Goodin will make his recommendation on the matter to Mr. Cortelyou.

After this, if such a motion is justified in the mind of the postmaster general, a fraud order will be signed by that official and executed. Persons or corporations named in such an order may not receive mail addressed to them. All mail addressed to them is intercepted by the local postmaster, subject to the

postal department's order. Should the fraud order be withdrawn at any time the accumulated wail will be turned over to the addressees.

AN ENGLISH PAPER CRITICISES THE PRESIDENT SEVERELY.

Change in Feeling of English Peoof Uncertainty, Want of Veracity or Incapacity for Coherent Thought. London, Jan. 2 .- An astonishing change in feeling toward President Roosevelt on the part of Englishmen is making itself evident in signs not to be mistaken. When he first enter-

ed the White House the English papers regarded him as one of the foremost figures of the world. The leading journals refused to print anything reflecting even slightly on the president.

A short time ago some English papers ridiculed his spelling reforms, while others expressed indignation. More recently numerous direct criticisms have been printed, culminating in a long article in the Morning Post, headed. "Is Roosevelt's Influence Declining?" An affirmative answer to the article is given in an outspoken manner, saying:

and exaggerated language, turning tery dates back 30 years and more, this way and that, which may or may and Mr. Harriman's association with not argue a certain incapacity for it dates from the beginning. Here, consecutive thought, but that is apt as a young man of eight and twenty, to lead men to doubt either his sin- he undertook the work with a com-

E. H. Harriman's Interest in Boys.

Mr. Harriman is interested in boys. That is his chief fad. It is his pride that he is president of the largest club in the world That is the Boys' Club, at the corner of Tompkins Square and Tenth street, New York city. Here is a big building, nive or six stories in height, with gymnasia, baths, playrooms, reading rooms, 30 or 40 separate club rooms. Here in the course of the year \$,000 or 10,000 East Side boys have fun. They are There Has Been an Astonishing not taught. It is not a church, it is not a school, it is not a reformatory, ple Toward the President-Accused it is not a movement for the ethical culture of the East Side. It is simply a big place where the boys may enjoy themselves. Incidentally they do learn a great deal; they are taught a great deal. But it is Tom Sawyer fashion, who defined work as play that you didn't want to do.

Here, for all ages, from little chaps just able to toddle up to big chaps ready to marry and have homes, there is a chance to find most any kind of wholesome amusement and sport. They have their football teams, baseball teams, camera clubs, natural history clubs, debating clubs. They give a Gilbert and Sullivan opera once a year, no one taking part but the boys; and the performances are said to be capital. They have an orchestra of their own, they have two drum corps, and they have a brass band.

Mr. Harriman is, and has been for "President Roosevelt talks in hasty years, president of this club. Its his-

Havana, Cuba, Jan. 3 .- The possi-

ers throughout the island. The bankers have just issued an announcement that in the event of the withdrawal of Uncle Sam's protection they will refuse to make loans on crops. essary to insure political and industrial stability and the safety of such

tion and the ruin of hundreds of per-

RUSSIA'S DICTATOR KILLED.

FORCE ANNEXATION.